

Canibus Lyrics

"Igloo Music"

Me [?], sittin' in a igloo
Sippin' shark's fin soup bring the king through

Fully articulated, skeletal non-human remains
It's obvious I make music in a cave
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Hardware interpret software
My case I am the hardware, I do it by hand like lawn care
Kevlaar palmin' the gear, put 98 rounds in the air
Then bust 99 bottles of beer

I drove to Bohemian Grove with Alfred Hitchcock
Filmed the birds slightly off the side of the road
I was inflicted with the microphone fever
By an ominous creature that said I was toilsome because of my ether
My poetry scrolls was stolen, flown by U-boat drone
To a underwater post off the coast of Micronesia
Woke up lost with no PLOO, my blood flowin' through tubes
My breatin' apparatus removed
Before a dark figure walked in the room
With a glass of apple juice, thought it might be urine so I refused
They put me in a wheelchair, pushed me down the hallway
Nurse had a fat ass and light brown doll face
They assign negative Nelly and morbid Mary
To give me lap dance with Leslie she smell like cherries
They fed me, lemons and strawberries
They telepathically ask me if I was happy and ready, I said, "very"
I heard the sound of music playin' through surround sound acoustics
They lead me into a room with Mila Kunis
But this was all an illusion, tryin' to extract information to use it
I'm lookin' 10,000 years in the future

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I'm Mike Harris veterans the day of damage

[?] with a graphite 50 cal [?]
Sight picture momentarily flickers
Mouse clicker, my retina twitches
It's always ordinarily quicker
I'm the private set the dark pull director black budget investor
Black star planet X professor
Eastern philosophy knowledge lord chief of playin' for violence
Exchangin' knowledge with the neighborhood tribals men
If tonnage is weight, my tongue is a Tungsten plate
That'll make a crane tumble over and break
I work for a better tomorrow
But the interest owed on yesterday's debt is the cause for my sorrow
Oxygen infused umbilical cord tubes
In a catalyst that improves mental magnitude of mood
Several hundred and twenty degrees of awareness
Completely fearless, at the same time scared stiff
Gotta hang in there till it all crash
It's gon' crash 'cause the fraud can't last
Practice patience, my musical machinations will abate them
But only if they stop hatin'
I cook rice and peas, taste it
How could I not be Jamaican?
Ox tail, butter, beans and bacon

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The pelican falls, when the doves cry
A red dawn of black swans cover the sky
Lyrically this, lyrically that
Lyrically lyrically lyrically I break it down to its biomimicry
Come sit with me, you don't really wanna spit with me
Without injury, one day I'ma do it for infinity
The complexity of it is all so simple I record the experience on dilythium crystals
Potty mouth poetry please, I does that with relative ease
The partial speech let the [?] breathe
My prophecy is my poetry, that's how you know it's me
Reserved for your ears and eyes only
Hardcore rap, peppered with extraordinary facts
I am the maestro of syntax
Audiobiographies, Rolling Hill properties
Resurrection after atrocity the buck stops with me

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I really didn't mean to be so Germaine